The Nautilus.

A Journal of Practical Ideality. The Organ of no School, bound by no Creed. "Consistency" and "Conformity" clipped from its vocabulary. Growth and usefulness, Good and Joy of all, its object.

Learn of the little nautilus how to sail.—POPE.

Build thee more stately mansions, oh, my soul,
As the swift seasons roll. Leave thy low-vaulted past.
Let each new mansion, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free; leaving thine outgrown shell
By life's unresting sea.—Holmes' "The Nautilus."

VOL. 1. { MONTHLY, Fifty Cents a Year. } FEBRUARY, 1899. { ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE, 555 Yamhill Street, Portland, Oregon. } NO. 4.

—Build on RESOLVE, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future. Do not grope
Among the shadows of old sins, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of lost years,
But turn the leaf, and smile, oh, smile to see
The fair, white page that remain for thee.
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

THE CONSTITUTION OF MAN.

Lesson III.

In the Uncreate are all things that ever were, that are, or ever shall be.

The Uncreate is a limitless, pulsing sea of Energy, with currents and cross-currents, waves and ripples and depths of stillness.

What IS STILLNESS?

ALL is motion. Nothing is stationary. STILLNESS IS MOTION.

But stillness is motion so intense, vibration so high, that ear nor eye nor nose nor tongue nor finger-tips can register it.

Time was when those things which we HEAR now were all in the stillness—in the silence.

Why! How can that be?

Because no EARS were yet evolved. There were no mechanisms for registering such fine energies.

The fine vibrations were present then, just as they are now.

BUT THEY WERE IN THE STILLNESS. No form was conscious of them.

If nobody had LISTENED IN THE SILENCE, all things that are in the Noise now would have remained in the silence.

LISTENING IN THE SILENCE CAUSED EARS TO DEVELOP.

It was not the NOISE that developed the ears. Hands never made them.

THE SILENCE MADE THEM.

THE SILENCE—not the Noise, not the visible— MADE ALL THINGS THAT EVER WERE, OR ARE.

The SILENCE does not make ears and toss them out into the Noise by the handful.

Silence makes ears WHERE THERE ARE PLACES READY for them. ANYTHING will come out of silence when somebody is READY for it.

There are more things in the SILENCE, in the stillness, than ever came out of it.

All these things are eager to get out into the Noise—they are PRESSING FOR EXPRESSION.

Everything left in the SILENCE now is much finer and nicer and more enjoyable than ANYTHING that has thus far come out into the Noise.

Do YOU want something better than you ever had, or saw, or tasted, or smelled, or felt? Have you tried all these things and yet are not satisfied? Have you run to and fro for satisfaction, for happiness, and failed to find it?

If you are SATISFIED that you CAN'T be satisfied with the world as it is, then shut your eyes to the world as it is.

And do not call it an "evil" world because YOU are not satisfied with it.

IT IS A GOOD WORLD, A BEAUTIFUL WORLD. It suits other people. LET them enjoy it. After a while they will get tired of it also, and follow you, perhaps.

There is just one place of refuge when one is tired of the world as it is.

GO INTO THE STILLNESS.

The fine little breezes there are far more gentle AND MORE POWERFUL than the winds and cyclones, floods and earthquakes out in the Noise.

Go into the stillness and FEEL these fine little breezes.

They are always "clean winds."

They will waft away the malaria of dissatisfaction and the fogs of ignorance from your brain.

They are refreshing little zephyrs. They bring "healing in their wings."

STAY in the SILENCE a long time.

LET these gentle winds of energy flee past you and eddy about you.

They are WONDERFUL MAGICIANS.

They will build you NEW organs of sense—new eyes, much finer than the ones you have now, with which to SEE things in the SILENCE; new ears that will hear things never yet told in the Noise; things "impossible for man to utter."

Sit still—don't come out of the stillness yet—there are more things the holy, still breezes will do for you.

They will give you a NEW TONGUE, a silvery tongue; tipped with Love; there is lots of Love in the Silence—more than there is of noise in the Noise.

This NEW TONGUE will enable you to tell in the Noise—to all people—the things before "impossible to utter."

Thus YOU will become the medium through which more of the beauties of the Invisible shall become visible.

POSTSCRIPT.

I wrote a nice "scientific" lesson three, explaining the first step in growth as stated in lesson one:

"All organizations, from the least to the greatest, are MENTAL STATEMENTS OF EXPERIENCE, and grow by—

1. Attracting or drawing to themselves, according to their power, from the whole universe. This is Will or Desire, in the human ego, and in all others as well."

This "scientific" lesson was too "scientific," and not plain enough to suit me, so I "went into the stillness" to revise it and "received,"—i. e., ATTRACTED or DREW—out of the silence the above prose poem; illustrative rather than explanatory, of the first step of the Law of Growth.

If the reader will take this lesson with him into that same stillness and ABSORB it rather than try to UNDERSTAND it, the still forces will make clear to him this first step in growth.

MASCOTS AND SUCH LIKE.

I remarked in another column that The Nautilus is a mascot. It is better than that. If a man will carry a copy of it around in his hip pocket, even if he never reads it, he will find it far ahead of the traditional potato to ward off rheumatism. It will ward off other diseases also. If a young miss will roll it up and wear it in a locket around her neck it will prove more efficacious than all four feet of fifty rabbits killed in the dark of the moon; or the light either. Nailed up over a door it is a far more powerful magnet than a horseshoe for good luck. Worn over the heart it will prove a love talisman. Pasted in a young man's hat it will keep him out of mischief. Kept on the hall table, it will bring you friends.

Oh, you think all that is fun, don't you? Well, it is; but it is truth, too. Truth is the funniest thing in the world. (Sh! I can hear my father say, "Oh, such superstition!")

It is not superstition. It is science; not Science; but science—the orthodox kind.

Don't you know that everything has an atmosphere, a "photosphere"?No-o-o? Why, you are a back number! You aren't up with the procession! Wake up and come along! Must be you read only fiction and old fashioned fiction at that. Truth is a lot more interesting if you only knew it.

Never heard of Baraduc? Great man! Wonderful AUTHORITY! Oh, I just dote on Baraduc! And—and molecules, and such like!—like the school girl who named her new hat "The Eemerson," because she doted on him so—he was the fashion.

I dote on Baraduc because his discoveries agree with my theories. A magazine article conveyed to me all I know about him and his discoveries, but I know he is wise and great because his discoveries agree so well with mine.

He says, as I do, that everybody and everything has an atmosphere. I think he named it "photosphere."

The natural photosphere of all animate beings is self-evolved. It is thrown out from them in much the same manner that heat is thrown out from a stove. The higher the animal in the scale of development the more powerful this photosphere. The more ALIVE a man is the more powerful his "magnetism," or atmosphere.

If you take an inanimate object near a fire it gets warm and will "hold the heat" radiating it very slowly perhaps for a long time.

An inanimate object such as a handkerchief, bit of wood, a book, a paper, will receive human "magnetism," or heat, in the same way; hold it, and VERY slowly indeed radiate it again.

Human magnetism being a much finer force than common heat, is not tangible to the ordinary senses, which only register coarser rates of vibration.

BUT IT IS ALL THE MORE POWERFUL. The more powerful the energy the farther is it beyond the lower senses.

When you go into one place and feel depressed, and into another and "brighten up," it is because you are unconsciously influenced, through some higher, inner sense, by the photosphperes of the rooms, just as you are "influenced by a hot brick which has ceased to absorbe heat but is still radiating it.

There are a great many people who have the inner senses so well developed that they can tell you all about the person who wrote a letter, for instance; what state of mind he was in, etc., without ever having seen him. This is called "psychometry." I believe Dr. Joseph Rhodes Buchanan named i.; and his wife is one of the most noted of all psychometrists.

An animate, or NEGATIVE object, will be powerful and hold its power longer, in proportion to the FORCE of the person whose photosphere it has absorbed.

ALL FORCE IS THOUGHT FORCE.

THUS THE NEGATIVE OBJECT IS CHARGED WITH THOUGHT.

ALL THINGS affect us more or less, consciously or sub-consciously, for good or "evil."

A POSITIVELY GOOD person cannot be effected by an article charged with "evil" magnetism.

IF HE TRIES, he can OVERCOME the "evil magnetism" with good; re-charge the article; RAISE ITS ATOMS TO A HIGHER RATE OF VIBRATION.

Now do you see that I am not only "funny," but scientific as well, when I say that The Nautilus is better than a mascot, or a rabbit's foot, or a potato, or a horseshoe?

I AM POSITIVE GOODNESS, HEALTH AND SUCCESS.

The Nautilus is highly charged with ME, THE ALL GOO D.

I AM POSITIVE TO EVERYTHING BUT GOOD.

All Good is positive to all evil.

A Go od influenced will affect a man in spite of himself.

Because

He DESIRES

Good and only Good, even when he is too ignorant to know Good when he sees it.

The Nautilus is so POSITIVELY GOOD that it will effect a man for Good even if he only touches it with the tongs, and drops it into the fire.

If he gives it half a chance it will, even though he has "made his bed in hell, RAISE the vibrations of that heat clear on up to the vibrations of heaven, Love, Joy.

PRACTICE.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye IF YE DO them." I get letters from all directions written by people who say they have studied the new science of life anywhere from one to almost a score of years, and yet have not reached a point where they are not dependent upon healers for assistance in demonstrating over disease and dissatisfaction.

Beloved, it does us no good simply to KNOW that mind governs matter.

We must TAKE CHARGE of our thoughts and rule our bodies.

Very little is gained by knowing that the law of our being is Love.

WE MUST THINK LOVE, ACT LOVE, in order to be free from dis-ease.

It is all very pretty to theorize about the Ideal becoming manifest in the Real, but theorizing never saved and never will save a man from unpleasant conditione UNLESS HE PUTS HIS THEORIES INTO PRACTICAL, EVERY-DAY LIVING.

An ideal is omnipotent. I'm going to re-write that sentence. It is worthy to be perpetuated in stone. We will perpetuate it in material more lasting than marble—the human consciousness.

AN IDEAL IS OMNIPOTENT.

An Ideal is the ONLY POWER in your life.

But your ideal will not do a thing for you IF YOU DON'T KEEP YOUR EYE ON HIM. He is like some employees—he won't work when he isn't watched. But WATCH your Ideal and TRUST your Ideal, and there is nothing he will not do for you.

Beloved, that is why you have not "demonstrated" any better. You have WATCHED YOUR CONDITIONS rather than your Ideal. You have kept pour eye on the thing you did NOT want instead of upon the thing you do want.

And the thing you do NOT want is also a faithful workman when he is watched. Quit looking at him and he will go to sleep and tumble over into the bottomless pit of non-recognition!

Practice, practice, practice! You can no more learn to think ideally without practice than you can learn to play the piano without practice. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty from bad habits of all kinds.

NOT eternal fear of forming bad habits; nothing will bring them upon you more quickly. BUT ETERNAL VIGILANCE IN PRACTICING GOOD HABITS OF THOUGHT.

The great secret of healing is to determinedly shut your eyes to the manifest and gaze steadfastly upon the unmanifest Ideal. JUST IN PROPORTION as one is able to do this will his success be.

Practice makes perfect in this as in other things. SET your mind on the Ideal. Set it and re-set it a thousand times a day if necessary. The habit will be formed at last.

Your mind will be renewed; your body transformed.

Your body being a magnet, your environment will be charged as your body changes.

"Whatsoever ye WILL, it shall be done unto you."

—Follow desire.

—Peace, be still.

—Love is Good Will.

—More love is more life.

—"Said I not, ye are gods?"

—Trust your highest aspirations.

—Desire leads straight to freedom.

—Be still and know that all is good.

—ALL the reward of loving is to the lover.

—"Motto: I can't is false."—Madame Dietz.

—"What you have done for mother is simply a miracle."

—"Lack of confidence is a sure precursor of failure."—Oregonian.

—"Those who say 'I cannot,' are those who think, 'I will not.' "—Amelia Barr.

—All things work together for the good of each and each works for the good of all.

—"I am decidedly better since you began treatment. I trust I shall continue to improve."

—BE. Be anything but a chump. A chump is first cousin to a jelly-fish, and next door to nothing.

—"The last number of The Nautilus is fine. As a tonic it is way ahead of "Celery, Iron and Wine!"

—"No individual can be happy until all are happy, and no individual can be free until all men are free."—Richard Wagner.

—"My husband is entirely free from insomnia since you began treatment. Everything else is coming around all right."

—The Nautilus is a mascot. Every one who touches it feels better and looks better. Even the printers are growing handsome and good-natured!

—When you pay out a dollar don't squeeze it till the poor eagle screams. Send it along with a GOOD WILL push that will create a better current in your pocket-book.

—LOVE. Another new journal, a weekly, published at San Diego, California, by Dr. Geo. W. Carey and Lucia Carey. Price, one dollar a year. Welcome, Love. Success to the Lovers.

—The East Side meeting for February will be held in the evening instead of the afternoon. Free to all. Home of Mrs. P. J. Dustan, 120 East Fourteenth street, at 7:30 P. M., February 6, 1899.

—"How can I ever thank you enough for giving us this beautiful truth! This is the first anniversary of the day you first taught mental science to me. It has done wonders for my husband and myself."

—"Christ's Way," Vol. 2, No. 12, published at Akron, Ohio, by Mrs. Excell Lynn, contains directions to patients which, if followed FAITHFULLY, cannot fail to manifest in healing even without the aid of a healer.

—"The Nautilus is simply grand in its stand for freedom. It has the right spirit. It seems to me nothing so hampers us as fear, fear of facing the world. Few of us have the bone to throw it, even if we are conscious of the hunger."

—A subscriber writes: "I perceive that you are very much alive." Good! When an inhabitant of classic Boston perceives at a distance of 3000 miles that I am very much alive, I rejoice. Truly "I AM the way, the truth and THE LIFE."

—If anybody else gets as much life and inspiration out of the columns of this paper as the editor does, he would not fail to subscribe if the price were fifty dollars instead of fifty cents; that is if he knows the value of life and inspiration.

—"Ideal Life," published at Columbus, Texas, by T. J. Morris, is another of the rapidly multiplying four page individualist journals. Success to them all! "What the world needs is teaching." "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good," is Mr. Morris' motto.

—Faithful practice is the secret of success. Any pupil gets discouraged who stops to think of what he does not know, or of the number of mistakes he makes—which is another mistake. Practice quietly in the "eternal now," leaving past and future to take care of themselves.

—"I did not intend to wait so long before I wrote thanking you for what you have done for me in the last few weeks, but I have had so much work on hands and only myself to do it. That is my excuse. I never recovered from a seeming bad cold so quickly in my life before."

—It is not what I FEEL that counts but what I CHOOSE. What I feel to-day is the effect of what I CHOSE yesterday. What I CHOOSE to-day will determine my feelings of to-morrow. To choose the highest while you FEEL otherwise is to "deny thyself," as Jesus said—the sense self.

—"You have my heartfelt thanks for relieving me of the asthma as you did last night. It was almost unbearable and all at once I commenced to find relief. The train was so late I began to have doubts of your getting my letter that night; but when I could breathe better I KNEW YOU HAD."

—"I can never thank you enough for all you have done for us. When it seemed as if we were in the bottomless pit with no hope, you took us by the hand, helped us to build a ladder to climb out on and have placed us upon a rock, where we can see the mountain tops, on which some day we may stand."

—"A beautiful lesson came to me in the silence. When The Nautilus came, two weeks later, I found the same lesson in it. Then I knew I had received it from you." The lady who wrote this lives three thousand miles from here and has never seen me except "in the silence." She must have received it while I was writing.

—Does the world appear to be against you? Then you have made it so. You can't expect the world to be your friend while YOU are against it. Quit calling it names and go to work to WIN its friendship. CALL it your friend, think of it as friendly, treat it as a friend. Be charitable in your judgments of it. LOVE IT. Overcome "evil" with Good, hate with love. You CAN'T make the world friendly in any other way.

—Have you arrived at a point of development where you feel that you must "settle the sex question?" Only yourself can solve your problem, and the first step toward its solution is the knowledge that sex is included in the All-Good. Charles W. Close has just published a new pamphlet which will help you to see that sex is good, not evil. "Sexual Law and the Philosophy of Perfect Faith," price ten cents in silver, twelve in stamps. Address C. W. Close, 124 Birch street, Bangor, Maine.

—The stream of Life, pulsing in each soul, is bearing us swiftly onward to the DESIRED goal. The wise man is borne confidently, unerringly. The foolish man is ever struggling and fearing; clutching at THINGS and then grieving hysterically or disparingly as they are torn from his grasp. Beloved, LET GO. You are going TOWARD the realization of desire, however appearances may seem to be against you. TRUST the Law, the stream of Life IN YOURSELF. Rejoice in it. Use it. Doubt it never.

—God is Love. I am God. I am Love. The race is a solidarity—"all members one of another." You and I are one great Love. That is the law of our being. As much love as we recognize is that much joy to us. It is "natural" to us and makes us happy. WE ARE FREE TO LOVE AND TO LOVE IS TO BE FREE. If we recognize, or think, an absence of love it is unnatural to us and we are unhappy. Love is "Good" because it is natural. Hate is "evil" because it is contrary to the law of being. THINKING is the power that creates both good and evil. As we learn to think love only, hate will disappear and with it all hateful conditions.

—"I have developed a cold on my lungs. Will you please help me out again? I might tell you what caused it, but it is not worth while to write it. When I see you I will tell you about it—if I don't forget."

I'll help you out as many times as you fall in! You are out by now, of course. Hallelujah! as the Salvationists say. I KNOW what caused it without your telling me. Forget all about it. LET GO! Never mind anybody nor anything—let 'em paddle their own canoes and you paddle yours. They are all right—if they are NOT going your way! There are as many ways as there are people, and they are ALL Good ways. Hurrah for Freedom!

—"Before anything else, let me thank you for your help. Your treatment reached me about 6:45 on the sixth. I even heard the words and wish I had taken them down as I intended. The cough disappeared right off and I told mamma that your thoughts had reached me and I felt so much better. It is all so glorious! What man can do! The innate power we have! Now I feel like my old self again, or rather, a VERY NEW SELF."

This patient was "down" with a severe attack of the grippe; "in for a long siege," her friends said. Her letter came on the sixth. The one of which this is an extract was written on the tenth in San Francisco.

—Each one who has sent me subscriptions or lists of names has received a heart-y "thank you" in return. That kind of a thank you never fails to hit the mark. It goes by the silent route and is received ALWAYS at its destination, whether the recipient is immediately aware of it or not. By and by, when the fogs of ignorance are lifted a trifle more we shall all be able to see, or feel, the "thank yous" as they come, and know who sends them. A heartfelt thank you is a mighty tonic to both receiver and giver—a first-class "treatment." I can not write letters of thanks to each subscribed—time is limited. But I can do better than that—I can "treat" you to a "thank you" that can't get lost in transit.

—There is one thing impossible to man—HE CANNOT LOVE EVIL. Maybe you didn't know that. It is so. Of course, one man can love what another man thinks is evil, but when he himself learns that it is "evil"—i. e., not according to the law of his being—he hates it. He can't help it. And hate makes him unhappy too. Sad state of affairs, isn't it? Man CAN'T be happy while he hates and he can't help hating evil and evil exists all around him. He can't help seeing it. Let's have a good cry over it. Such a dismal, wicked world! It will be a joyful day when we die and go to heaven and a cold day when we come back again.

Good land! What is the matter with remaking the world instead of deserting it? If you don't like evil don't create it. Shut your eyes to it, and your ears. Shut up the few good things you can find here and there and enjoy them. THINK ABOUT THEM. THOUGHT IS CREATIVE. Think good things, act good, make good things. Spread them around over the country, a smile here, a bit of encouragement there, a Christmas card, a dime, a box of candy, a pair of mittens to warm ten blue fingers to a prettier color—oh, there are ten thousand things you can do to better the world. Spread smiles instead of lachrymose sniffs and heavenward longings. Haven't you learned yet that "evil IS to him who evil THINKS?" Quit thinking it. All is good—"each in its place is best." If it is evil to you, let it alone. Leave others free to do the same. We are all "evoluting"—each in turn will learn to hate what is unwise—evil. Hate will make him abhor and desert it. Don't you see that even hate is GOOD—in its place? Let's mind our own thinking and let other people mind theirs. That is the ONLY way we can do our best for them and for ourselves.

—My word of wholeness is absolutely omnipotent and infallible. There is no question about it. It will heal any unpleasant condition in the world. I don't CARE whether you have any "faith" in me or my word. My word accomplishes that whereunto I send it in spite of all the doubt in christendom, my own doubt included. MY WORD OF TRUTH IS THE HEALING POWER—NOT your "faith," nor mine. There is only one "if" in the case—IF you will receive. And my word, being omnipotent, will remove even that "if" in time, and heal you in spite of yourself. Lack of receptivity arises from ignorance, more or less colossal and more or less positively held. The more colossal and the more positive, the longer time will it take to make you receptive. That is why God took millions of years to speak the universe into existence as it is to-day—there was a colossal ignorance to be overcome before present consciousness could be received. I AM God and MY WORD has done all this—don't you suppose it con overcome a paltry "if" in your consciousness? It can and it WILL. I AM THE WORD; WITHOUT ME WAS NOT ANYTHING MADE THAT WAS MADE; WITHOUT ME WILL NOTHING EVER BE MADE. This same word is you also. I can make you recognize it.

—"Cultivate a will that is unconquerable. Will is creative force. One writer has said it is all of man. I know of two men whose farms were near each other. One had the best farm and the best stock and the best fruit in the market; the best of everything, good health too. They asked him how it was he had the best ofeverything. He said, "God and I are partners. God does His part and I do mine." The other farm bore scarcely any fruit, and of the smallest and most inferior sort. Why was this? He had such a withering thought that he not only withered his own body but wither-

ed his berries on the vines. Everything was of the same sort; his cattle were poor and unruly, his trees and ground refused to bear and every machine would break down when he touched it. His whole farm was cursed. The air he breathed forth was filled with cursings. "Bless and curse not." The neighbors said he had such "poor luck." Who made it? Himself, alone. He made himself and his farm just what it was. He got the fruit of his own thought. You can use your own powers for good or evil. * * * * Willing and working go hand in hand. What I work for I get. I believe in no salvation only what I work out for myself."

There are lots of other good practical things told in the little book from which the above was copied. "Idols Dethroned," by Flora Howard, Los Angeles, California. Price, paper back, fifty cents. Order from this office.

—So many people exclaim, "Oh, if I could ONLY treat!" As if you are not "treating" every minute of your life! If you are not treating for health you ARE treating for disease, and the people you treat will show forth the disease if they are negative to you. If you are not sending out thoughts of love you ARE sending out thoughts of hate, more or less positive. And these thoughts have their effect without fail, if the one of whom you think is not strongly entrenched in a self-evolved atmosphere of love. If you are not sending out thought of good you are sending out thought of evil—you are "treating" people for evil, and they will "catch" your evil thought if they are not positively good. EVERY THOUGHT IS A "TREATMENT," and it is a treatment that does its work whether you THINK it will or not. Many a poor, foolish, fond mother has "treated" her child into the grave, or the penitentiary, or the mad house, and herself into a premature and broken-hearted old age, all because she was ignorant of the FACT that her thought affected her child and herself. Many another mother has done enough evil "treating" to send all the world to the pen or the mad house. But the ones to whom her thought was sent were not weak enough—ignorant, or negative—to RECEIVE her thought. All these ifs, by the way, resolve the social problem back into its original elements, the problem of the individual. One is influenced—"treated"—into "evil" IF he is ignorant enough to RECEIVE the influence. So, "what the world needs is teaching." A wise man RECEIVES only good and "treats" for good only. In degree in which we are NOT WISE, we are ignorant and our "treating"—thinking—is a mixture of good treating and bad treating, and our RECEIVING matches. When we are off our guard we slip back into the old habit of "evil" thought. Then we must RE-SET our thinking in the key of Good. Gradually this becomes habit. Practice gives self-control, and to the self-controlled man there is nothing impossible of accomplishment. Now don't ever say again, "Oh, if I could only treat!" You are treating ALL the time. Just look out HOW you treat.

—"So you want money, do you? And I want your little paper, yet felt there were so many ways for the money to go just now that I could not spare it. But I just made up my mind that I would commence to follow your advice by sending 50 cents to you and then I would begin to WANT real hard and probably receive again from other sources. I feel in my own soul that all you say is true, but do not practice it as thoroughly as I ought."

If everybody began to spend money promptly when desire dictates and at the same time "WANT real hard," good circulation would be established in a hurry. That means "good times," plenty of money and all that money will buy, to everybody. The trouble with us is that we have tangled up our lives in the past and are using the Present up in trying to unravel the snarl. We hang on to a dozen loose ends and when desire points to a NEW THING OF THE PRESENT we cling to the old snarls and say, "Oh, I have so much to do already," or "There are so many ways for the money to go that I cannot spare it." One lady, an exaggerated specimen of this kind, came to the office to tell me personally that she has a stack of Christian Science literature written years ago and feels that she musn't buy any more until she has read and put into practice all that! She never will. Her Present is full of the tag ends of the past. She is behind the procession and lagging still farther daily. I heard the other day of a man who refuses to read any modern literature. He has a little library of old books and lives in that. Of course, his Present is a flat failure. LET GO THE PAST. Follow desire into new pastures and untried paths. Nobody has found eternal life, joy, in the Past—and never will. Wake up and keep up with the procession.

—Man's law of being is Love. To love is joy. To love always, under all conditions, IS eternal life. To refuse to love is to turn the current of life back upon one's self. Result, stagnation, fermentation, death. We call such an one "selfish," and we don't feel like loving him. But we MUST if we would have eternal life, eternal joy. How to love the unlovable is a conundrum. But even a conundrum has a solution. Would you like to know how I solved it? When I discovered that the law of life is love I tried mightily to feel love for all people and things. I succeeded beautifully with the heathen over in China. But I couldn't apply it to the vegetable Chinaman and the junk man. I could feel an ocean of love for sinners I never saw, but when Mrs. Blank told Mrs. Talker, (and she told me) that she DID wish I would select my hats in better taste. I found it impossible to feel any love for Mrs. Blank. I could walk along the street and feel a real thrill of loving pity for every little homeless cur, but when one trotted with four m ddy paws up my newly scrubbed front steps I felt a lot more like clubbing him than loving him. And I couldn't fool myself into thinking I wanted to club him BECAUSE I loved him—as I have heard of parents doing with their children. I could go about some kinds of housework in a perfect transfiguration of love; but when I had to clean lamps or the cook stove after the jelly boiled over, I dropped from the seventh heaven with a thud. Oh, dear, what was I to do? I gave up trying to FEEL love and went to THINKING LOVE. I said, "I CHOOSE to love, whether I FEEL like it or not. I WILL send out love to everything and everybody, no matter HOW I feel. I WILL to love." I "treated" myself for love in this way every time I was reminded of it. I thought it silently. I said it aloud in the privacy of my own room. I went up into the attic and stamped my foot and clenched my fist and hollered it! AND I SUCCEEDED. Let me whisper something to you: that is the ONLY way to succeed in anything. Of course the virtue is not in the room or the attic or the "hollering," but in the activity of will induced by it. Try it. I succeeded in making love a HABIT OF THOUGHT. When anything becomes a habit of thought it is registered in the 95 per cent. sub-mind and THEN we say of it, "I FEEL." Affirm, affirm, affirm—whisper—louder—holler! Stamp your foot and hit out from the shoulder! Success must be CONQUERED—not implored. She isn't a bird that can be caught with a little salt on her tail.

Barron Bldg., La Crosse, Wis.

Good Morning, Sweetheart!

Your beautifully rose and pink tinted Nautilus was wafted into my sanctuary by the Pacific breezes.

I looked at it, admired it, turned it over, then turned it around; then I "ran" over it, then I "walked" over it; not content with this feat, I crep't over it. I did not lay the pretty thing down until I read the messages (all of them) which I found engrained on it.

Its most admirable feature, to my mind is its non-conformity and its italics. As Emerson beautifully expresses it, "Thou canst not hope too much or dare too much."

I detect the source of your spirit and pick up "Self-reliance," which is always on my desk; and there staring at me with open and expressive eyes are the worlds "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds." * * * ,'Out upon your guarded lips; sew them up with pack thread, do." * * * "Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine action. Your conformity explains nothing." * * * "Let us bow and apologize never more." * * * * * * *

I send you my hearty approval and my love; and this means much. I do not deal in cheap stuff.

Elizabeth, I am glad to know you. I do love strong, earnest, wide-awake souls. I admire very much people who have no "tags" on them, no "labels." Never mind mine. I "Dare to be a Daniel," because Daniel dared to do "wrong." Had he done "right" according to the standard of right in his day, he wouldn't have had such a good time playing with the lions. There were three other brave spirits who dared to do wrong; these they cast into the fire; they didn't know that there was no enmity between these "three" and the spirit of the fire, so they were not, could not be burned. Jesus dared to do "wrong," as judged by the standard of "right" in his day. They thought to kill him; they did not know that there was no enmity between his pure, sweet, loving soul and all the forces of the universe; hence everything yielded to him. Now the world knows he did "right," judged by the sweet spirit of lovingkindness.

Well, sail on, little "conch," and "build thee more stately mansions.

With a love that never faileth, and a faith that never shaketh, and the truth that ever speaketh, and the joy that ever singeth.

I am thy brother,

WM. C. GIBBONS.

Thank you, Dr. Gibbons. Yes, self, the ideal self, is the source of my inspiration, and the motive power of The Nautilus—the "rose and pink tinted" Nautilus. Love is rosy red and pink is the color of discrimination—Good! Both love and discrimination approve the "Sweetheart." It is the prettiest word in the language. I have not used it in print lest I interfere with Shelton's possible copyright. But I will take courage from Dr. Gibbons.

THE NAUTILUS'

Published monthly at Portland, Oregon. Annual subscription 50 cents. Foreign, 12 cents extra for postage. Single copies, 5 cents. Sample copies free.

Remittances in silver, bills, express or P. O. money order preferred. When necessary send ONE-cent stamps.

Terms for treatment, one to ten dollars per month, according to financial ability and inclination of the patient. One year's subscription to The Nautilus and the first month's treatment for one dollar. Any imaginable disease is amenable to mental treatment. Diseases of all kinds, acute or chronic, bad habits, discouragement, inharmony in the home, perversities in children, lack of success, poverty, sensitiveness; all disappear before the Truth.

To those who wish to see me personally I am at home Wednesdays from 1 to 5 P. M.

Address all communications to

ELIZABETH LOIS STRUBLE,
555 Yamhill street, Portland, Oregon.